

## First Move

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Summary: It was a rainy night and Rigby finds himself in the arms of his best friend. HUMAN AU

## First Move

**\*\*I know that I've been inactive for a while but I finally got it! My first Morby fic! I do not own anything! Thank you for reading! Please review, favorite, and share to your friends! Thank you!\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>The sound of the rain outside woke me up. The breathing of my blue haired friend can be heard along with the sound of raindrops on the window and the constant blowing of the wind. Thunder rolled occasionally, giving emphasis to the storm outside. What time is it? I don't know. The room was too dark.<p>

"Hey dude," A voice said, separating me from my thoughts and scaring me. I suddenly threw my pillow at the voice's direction, hearing an 'oomph' from my friend.

"Why are you awake?" I asked Mordecai.

"The storm woke me up." was his excuse. lame excuse dude. lame excuse.

"Tsk," I said, clicking my tongue. From his side of the room, I can feel him glaring at me. Suddenly, he broke into a fit of laughter.

"What's so funny!?" I asked, feeling greatly offended.

"I just remembered something." Mordecai said, probably wiping the tears from the corner of his eyes. "Why are you even awake at this hour? The storm as well?"

"Like I'd say why," I rolled my eyes, though he can't see it.

"Whatever dude," Mordecai said. "You know, if you're afraid of the storm you can sleep beside me."

"I'm not a little baby!" I said.

"Yeah, right." I heard him say, probably rolling his eyes for emphasis. "Says the person who cried because of a sappy movie earlier."

"I did not cry! Stop talking!"

His sudden burst of laughter surprised me, yet calming me at the same time. "Come on, dude." he said. "Give me some sugar."

Suddenly, I was pissed off. I never liked it when he would ask me for a hug. If he just wanted one, he could've just asked me properly or just do it. But we never hug so that was also sudden.

Without a warning, I suddenly felt myself being lifted up and carried to his side of the room. I guess I was too into thoughts to even hear the shuffling from his side of the room. He laid me on his bed and got in after. My face met his chest - no not his chest, his stomach - and I felt my face heating up. He moved me upwards and now my face was in his chest.

I can feel him practically smiling at my reaction. I can't look up or else I'll see that shit eating grin on his face. His beating heart, I can almost hear it's soft thumping. My body relaxed and betrayed me as well by making me wrap my arms around his neck. His warmth, like a thick blanket wrapped around me. Then, I felt his arms wrap around my waist also.

I probably looked like I was dangling over his body and grabbing on his neck to keep myself from the ground if we're standing up. Another sudden laugh came from him.

"Don't be embarrassed, Rigby." he said, pulling me closer to him. "It's just the two of us anyway."

"That's the thing," I finally spoke up, face heating up. "We never hugged. It'll make things awkward for the two of us also."

Especially for me. I've always loved him since high school. Since he's always ogling over Margaret, being a friend is better than nothing.

"Rigby," he said. "Look at me." His tone was neither commanding yet soft. Just at the middle.

I hesitated for a while before finally looking up at him. His eyes were stunning. It made me fall for him over again, if it were possible. He looks so beautiful in the dark. Even in the light, he's still beautiful.

But what is he thinking about me? I can't tell it through his eyes.

He seems conflicted, whether he thinks I'm ugly or beautiful... Me? Beautiful? Yeah, right. I don't even stand in the stage of being beautiful. I'm pathetic, worthless and stupid. I can't believe that someone ugly like me can fall for a beautiful person like Mordecai.

Without realizing it, I was leaning in slowly. Then, my lips met his. I made the first move. Time can only tell what will happen next. Whether he pushes me away and rejects me, making our friendship awkward and unbearable, or pushes me away and forgets about it in the morning, thinking it was all a dream. I just hope the second one happens.

He pulls away and looks at me, eyes wide in shock and... ? Is that what I think it is? Disgust? Or what? I don't know! I can't tell! Maybe I should start making a book named;

Why Feelings Are Shit

By Rigby

I bet it'll sell. Feelings are complicated and why do we even have them in the first place? It'll make you expect things and end up getting hurt in the end.

But, when I tried to pull away in fear of making things more awkward between us, what surprised me is that my expectations were definitely wrong.

Instead of pushing me away, he pulled me closer to him. I saw him close his eyes as he kissed me and he slowly began to move his lips. Tears formed in my eyes and I closed them, allowing the tears to fall freely down my cheeks.

Suddenly, he pulled away and wiped my tears with his thumbs. He smiled softly and said "Never thought you'd made the first move."

I buried my face in his chest and cried. He rubbed circles on my back and kissed the top of my head. "I hate you," I mumbled into his chest. "I hate you so much!"

"Yeah, yeah." he said. "I love you too."

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><p><strong>Thank you for reading! Love you all!<strong>

End  
file.